

CLARKSVILLE WEEKLY CHRONICLE.

VOL 56--NO. 52,

CLARKSVILLE, TENN., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 1.

WHOLE NO. 3,860.

1807.

1889.

W. S. POINDEXTER.

HEADQUARTERS FOR

DRUGS

Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Window Glass, and Druggist's Sundries. Prescriptions compounded night or day.

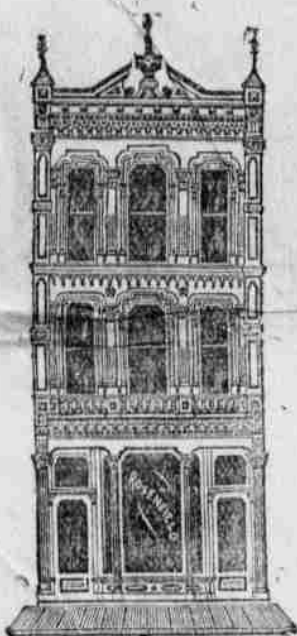
OWEN & MOORE.

Would You Believe It?

We are offering a large lot of new Books finely bound in cloth, at 35 cents each, and can sell you a set of Scott, Dickens, Bulwer, Thackeray or any standard author remarkably cheap.

The latest novelties in Paper in abundance, at

Lockert & Reynolds



CHILDREN'S CLOAKS, On To-morrow, will be

-- Sold Positively at Cost. --

LADIES' Cloaks, Wraps, Newmarkets

Jackets,

AT GREAT REDUCTION!

Also, Furs, Muffs, Bows, and Capes, at great reduction.

Come at Once.

MRS. ROSENFELD'S.

T. R. HANCOCK. C. R. HALLUMS. J. T. EDWARDS. W. I. FRASER.

Hancock, Hallum & Co.

—PROPRIETORS—

Gracey Warehouse

CLARKSVILLE, TENN.

Special Attention Paid to Sampling and Selling Tobacco

Liberal Advances made on Consignment.

T. R. HANCOCK, Salesmen. W. J. ELY, Book Keeper

CHRISTMAS!

—Prepare for it, by calling at—

CRUSMAN'S

and leave orders before the rush begins. Everything that is good to eat and good to drink, for sale

at

LOW PRICES

Call and examine his stock.

One of Clarksville's Best Citizens Passes Away.

A Sketch of His Eventful Career As Told by History.

Thus Passes Away a Man Who Had the Utmost Confidence of His People, and the High Esteem of Mankind Wherever He Was Known—His Loss Is Felt.

FUNERAL RITES.

There is crepe on the door knob of the Franklin Bank; there is deep sorrow in a once happy home. W. S. Poindexter is dead. The man who a few days ago, was one of the most popular and useful citizens of Clarksville is lying cold in death.

His death was a great surprise to the friends of the deceased. Only a few of his most intimate friends knew of his sickness. He was taken sick with influenza the first of last week, and being of a consumptive nature he could not stand the ravages of the terrible cold, and succumbed to it about 2 o'clock Friday. He leaves a wife and three little children, while Mrs. W. B. Anderson is a child from his first marriage.

HIS CAREER.

Mr. Poindexter has a long and eventful career. He was born in the town of Russellville, Ky., on the first day of February 1830, and should he have lived to have seen the first day of next month he would have been sixty years old. At the age of twenty-three years he came to Clarksville and took a position as book-keeper in the warehouse of W. S. McClure. He remained in this position until '58 when he took charge of what was then known as Red River Warehouse and operated that house on his own dependence. In 1860 he formed a partnership, known as Poindexter & Poindexter and Warehouse. This venture was successful and Mr. Poindexter found himself becoming rich. This was accomplished by strict adherence to business, and an universal popularity among the tobacco growers of the Clarksville Tobacco District.

The year 1867 marked his advent into banking circles, when he was elected Cashier of the New Providence Savings Institution, which shortly afterwards moved to Clarksville and changed its name to the Franklin Bank. He has held this position up to the time of his death, and has made a valuable man in every respect.

Few men will be missed more than Mr. Poindexter. He was a man's friend, always, when in trouble, young men just starting in business always went to him for favors financially, and they rarely failed to get help. He seemed to take a delight in helping a man over a trying period. This trait of character, no doubt, lost him considerable money. He was a power in his church, Methodist, and always contributed liberally to all objects of charity.

Mr. Poindexter was thrice married. The first marriage was to Miss Emily Everett, and to this union was born the now wife of W. B. Anderson. The first wife died in 1864, and the year or such a matter Mr. Poindexter married a Mrs. Gee, who died in 1873, and in 1875 he was married to Miss Kate Carney, of Murfreesboro, his wife at the time of his demise.

This death takes from the city one of its most familiar landmarks. He has been connected with the Franklin Bank so long that they seem inseparably interwoven. The calamity to this Bank can not be overestimated. His advice in business matters was always taken as sound, and the success of the institution is largely due to his keen business ability. His wife and children are amply provided for, as Mr. Poindexter leaves a large estate which is variously estimated. The worth of such a man is keener felt after his death than at any other time. Long after the sod covers his grave will his memory be green in the hearts of his people.

At a meeting of the Bankers of Clarksville, held at First National Bank at 10 o'clock a. m. Saturday, D. N. Kennedy was made chairman and A. Howell was appointed secretary. J. W. Faxon, H. C. Merritt and B. W. Macrea were appointed a committee to prepare resolutions on the death of W. S. Poindexter, Cashier of the Franklin Bank. It was resolved

that a copy of the resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased, and the city papers be furnished with same for publication.

Whereas, we have heard with regret of the sudden death of W. S. Poindexter, Cashier of the Franklin Bank.

Resolved, That in the death of Mr. Poindexter, this community has been bereft of one of its most useful and public-spirited citizens, the banking fraternity of one of its most active and efficient members, and his family of a most devoted husband and father. Resolved, That we tender our sincere sympathy to the afflicted wife and children, and that a copy of these resolutions be delivered to the family of the deceased and handed the city papers for publication.

JNO. W. FAXON,
B. W. MACREA,
H. C. MERRITT.

The burial of Mr. W. S. Poindexter, Sunday was one of the most largely attended that has ever been held in the city. Long before the remains reached the Methodist church the crowd began entering the church and taking seats. Messrs Thos. P. Major, J. F. Wood and Jas. M. Bowling acted as ushers, and it was all they could do to reserve seats for the family and relatives of the deceased.

The floral offerings were numerous and costly. They were brought in and placed on the altar in front of the pulpit making a lovely picture. One design, that attracted more attention than any other, was that of a shaft of snow surmounted by a snow white flag. It was beautiful and fittingly appropriate.

At 2:30 the pall bearers marched slowly down the aisle bearing the remains, while a choir sang: O Lamb of God I come to thee. The services were conducted by Drs. Hanner and Sears. They both read a passage of scripture and made appropriate remarks on the character and death of Mr. Poindexter. They reviewed the many excellent traits of character of the deceased, and exhorted the congregation to prepare for death.

After the services the casket was conveyed to the hearse, and the march to the Cemetery began. It was one of the longest processions seen in Clarksville since the death of Jas. E. Bailey. It extended from the Methodist church to J. Sterling Neblett's house on Greenwood Avenue, and the funeral service was read by the Rev. J. W. Hanner, and the body laid to rest just east of the Poindexter monument.

This closes the life of one of Clarksville's best citizens. A good man is gone, and his loss is keenly felt. To the bereaved family the CHRONICLE extends its sympathies, and if possible would lay healing balm on the broken hearts and still their weeping. While his ashes sleep in Greenwood let his memory live.

Mrs. Trawick Dead.

[Wednesday's Daily.]

The sad intelligence of the death of Mrs. Mattie Trawick, wife of Dr. A. M. Trawick, of Nashville, reached here this morning. She died at 9 a. m. at her home in Nashville surrounded by her family and intimate friends she has made in her new home.

The remains will arrive here at 10 o'clock to-morrow morning. At 10:30 her funeral will be preached at the Methodist church by Dr. Barbee and Rev. R. R. Jones. Interment at Greenwood Cemetery.

It seems that the hand of affliction has been laid heavily upon Dr. Trawick and family of late. It has been only a short while since these columns contained notices of the death of two of his children, and now comes the painful news of the demise of Mrs. Trawick, a most estimable lady, appreciated where she is known for her many fine traits of womanly character. The CHRONICLE joins with the numerous friends of the family in tenderest sympathy.

Cholera in Michigan.

Dr. F. D. Larke, of Rogers City, Michigan, says the epidemic of last year in Presque Isle County, in which so many persons lost their lives, was choleric dysentery instead of cholera as first reported. He used Chamberland's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy and says it succeeded, where all other remedies failed. Not a single case was lost in which it was used. This Remedy is the most reliable and most successful medicine known for colic, cholera morbus, dysentery, diarrhoea and bloody flux. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by Owen & Moore.

The Franklin Bank.

P. C. Hambaugh, President of the Franklin Bank, will assume charge of the business of the bank, with R. H. Poindexter Assistant Cashier, until the successor of the late Cashier, W. S. Poindexter, is elected. j25-tf

SHAKE! DICKSON!

Work to Begin On the Road Early In February.

President Norton of the L. & N. Says So, and It Goes.

Hon. D. N. Kennedy Has Received a Letter From President Norton Saying That He Will Put a Force to Work in a Few Days.

The people of Clarksville will rejoice in the good news contained in this article. The Dickson road is going to be built and that right away. Hon. D. N. Kennedy, as Chairman of the Railroad Commission has recently been in action, President of the Louisville and Nashville railroad, and has just received a letter from that gentleman stating that work will begin on the road to Dickson some time in February. It further states that a corps of good engineers will soon be put on the work, and will settle on the route at once.

This letter was dictated and signed by the president of the road and is strictly official. There is now no doubt that the road will be built, and built this year.

The doubting Thomases who have been claiming all along that this railroad business to Dickson was all moonshine, can now go and soak their heads in soda water and cool off. The road is coming. The town is coming. The people are coming to their senses, and it will not be long before this force of hands will be tearing up mother earth on the South Side, startling the denizens of the forests and instilling new life into the now dormant people across the line.

Shake! Dickson! In one year from to-day the locomotive will send its shrill whistle reverberating among your hills, making the little fellows scamper away to the bushes to hide from the great iron monster that is surely coming.

This is business and strictly so. The man who doubts it can only go up to the Northern Bank and ask Mr. Kennedy to show the letter. He has it filed away in a little drawer of his it was something precious. He knows that this is of great benefit to Clarksville, and takes a pleasure in giving it to the people through the columns of the CHRONICLE.

Clarksville is going to be the Birmingham of Tennessee within a very short time, she is now taking on city airs and is coming. Don't you give her out, for she has citizens who have as much sand in their craws as any set of men under the globe, and they are in earnest and will work for the good of their town. More on this same subject will be found in these columns daily.

A Mistake.

The Banner is mistaken about a white man being drowned at Marbles landing by falling from the steamer Holman. The captain of the boat hired ten negroes here to go down to the landing with him. When he returned he found one of them, James Coleman, was missing. They did not think at the time the negro had been drowned, only that he wanted to get out of town and consequently left the boat at the landing and took to the woods. He was evidently one of the rap shooters that the officers have been spotting, and wanted to get out of the way.

A Little Boy's Letter.

CASEYVILLE, UNION CO., August, 5, 1887.

Dear Sirs: I had the chills three years 4th day of July. Could not find anything to cure me, and the doctor could not break them. I got a bottle of C. C. C. certain chill cure and it cured me. I believe it is the best medicine known. Yours, WILLIE SHIPLEY.

Sold by V. W. Smith, New Providence, Tenn.

WITTSBURG, ARK., July 15, '87. J. C. Mendenhall & Co., Evansville Ind.

Ship us at once 3 gross certain chill cure. Giving universal satisfaction. We sell under a positive guarantee and never had a bottle returned.

Respectfully your friends,

BEDFORD & HAMILTON. Sold by V. W. Smith, New Providence, Tenn.

Itch and Scratches of every kind cured in 30 minutes by Woodford's Sanitary Lotion. Use no other—this never fails. Sold by Owen & Moore

A NEW BOOK.

It is Being Printed and Bound in the Chronicle's Office.

Mr. Jas. Morton, who studies flowers more than any man in the State, is now preparing an exhaustive treatise on floriculture, which will be issued from the CHRONICLE office in book form, about the first day of March. It will contain a vast amount of information in regard to propagation and diseases of flowers, and will be a valuable book to all people wanting to find out the way to grow flowers for homes, and also for those in the greenhouse business. It will contain about 300 pages, set in small type, and will be well bound.

Mr. Morton has been manager of the celebrated Evergreen Lodge, at this place, and has just received information regarding the culture of flowers, and now proposes to give it out in a book. It is well written, and as it comes from the CHRONICLE office, it goes without saying that it will be a marvel of typographical work.

A NEGRO KILLED.

John Dowdy Kills Wm. Tuck at Cumberland City.

The Weapon Used Was a Good Hickory Slab.

The Negroes Arm Themselves With Shot Guns and Try to Find the Murderer—Considerable Excitement Over the Killing—Dowdy Makes Good His Escape.

To the Chronicle:

Yesterday morning John Dowdy, an employee of the James W. Cook Slave Factory, struck Wm. Tuck, colored, with a stick, knocking him insensible, and from which he died last night.

Fifteen years ago when Dowdy was a boy of sixteen years, he worked at Bear Spring Furnace, in this county, to support his widowed mother who lived at the Furnace with her other children. John's boss was this negro Tuck, who had a spite at the boy and was continually cursing and kicking him. On one occasion Tuck knocked him down and stamped him with his foot from under his arm. Several days ago Dowdy hired to Mr. Cook, who also had Tuck employed. They passed one another several times at the sheds without speaking. Yesterday morning Tuck took possession of a wheel-barrow which Dowdy was using. He went to the negro and told him he wanted it. Tuck refused to give it up and some hot words passed. Dowdy went to a pile of hickory slabs, picked up one and struck Tuck on the head while his back was to him, which crashed the skull. For an instant the negro stood still with his head hung down, then fell to the ground insensible.

The news spread like wild fire, and in one hour after the killing, the town was filled with negroes, armed with double barreled shot guns, muskets and any thing else they had or could secure. One came to the factory armed with a large dog-wood stick, and asked the overseer, Mr. Shammell, where the man was who had killed Mr. Tuck, one of their society; upon being told he had left, the negroes said it was a good thing he was not there at the time, or he would have had the next lick.

To-day the negroes are here by the hundreds, and fears are entertained of a riot to-night.

Dowdy ran off as soon as he committed the crime, but returned in a short while and gave himself up to officer Thomas. After the doctors said the negro would die, he made his escape and is in unknown parts.

Cumberland City, Jan. 23.

Our Domestic Animals

Require as prompt and skillful attention in sickness as that given to man, and if they do not receive are apt to be lost to us altogether. For such prompt treatment and the prevention and cure of diseases common to animals use Uncle Sam's Condition Powder; it is the best remedy ever devised by man for such use. For sale, wholesale and retail by Lockert & Reynolds druggists.

Opera.

For the benefit of The Ladies Monumental Association, Monday night Feb. 3. The best amateur talent of the city, with Mrs. O'Brien as manager, have been preparing this opera, and are now ready to invite the public to come, and enjoy the result of their generous and painstaking efforts to assist a worthy object. Give them a full house. td.